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## THE CASTLE OF SEGOVIA.

MANY cities have certainly a greater right to call themselves "Eternal" than Rome, so many times dismantled by her enemies. Their very insignificance has given them a security which other towns have wanted, and it would require a convulsion of nature, such as that which engulfed Pompeii, to bring ruin upon them, as their existence seems to be guaranteed by Providence against every attempt on the part of man. Far different from those proud and ambitious cities which draw upon themselves the vengeance of their conquerors, these towns lose nothing in changing masters, for every ruler seems to endeavour to add to the beauty and richness of their buildings.

Segovia is of this number. Built in a most delightful situation among the mountains, and as ancient as Burgos, Salamanca, or Valladolid, which have the poetic assurance of having been founded by Hercules, it has suffered less from foreign invasions or civil war than either of its Castilian sisters. Although warlike when occasion offered, it has never striven to rival its neighbours either in power or dominion. Even at the present day, little attention is directed towards it, although merited on more than one account. Though connected with the Spanish capital by two roads, it makes no attempts to extend the circle of its external relations; and in the winter any attempt to discover a comfortable conveyance across the snows of Guadarrama, which separate it from Madrid, would be quite fruitless. During three months of the year, it seems, like many Alpine animals, to exist in a lethargic sleep. Segovia lives within itself among its mountains, perfectly indifferent to the political and social convulsions which agitate the rest of the peninsula. Far different is it in summer, when the town is all life and brilliancy. That is the time to study the remains of antiquity which Segovia jealously preserves within itself against the attacks of men, who are more destructive than even time.

Generally speaking, Segovia is very cold, as it is above three thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. The population which, at one time, exceeded thirty thousand, does not now amount to nine thousand. It was the favourite town of the Romans, who built the noble aqueduct which the Spaniards have now strangely called the "Bridge of Segovia." It is an almost Cyclopean work, constructed of enormous masses of dark grey granite, joined together without any cement, and is at the present time about thirty feet in height at *Azoquejo*. We say at the present time, as the sand which has accumulated at its base takes much from its real elevation. Not a blade of grass has sprung from the interstices of the stones, and their sombre colour adds much to the grandeur of the structure.

It has always been a vexed and disputed point among antiquaries whether it was Adrian or Vespasian who constructed this aqueduct; and no inscription has ever been found which could throw the smallest light on this very obscure subject. We will not enter into the merits of the two hypotheses; it would be neither an interesting nor a profitable investigation; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning that through it a small river, the Rio Frio, flows to Segovia, and near the convent of San Gabriel, over that portion of the structure which is called the "Bridge," consisting of 320 arches, of which 35 were restored during the reign of Isabella the Catholic. It is only at deep valleys, as at the *Azoquejo*, that these arches are found, since on the hill side the water flows through a simple channel of stone.

This structure has the advantage over many other antiquities of being now as useful as it was the first day it was finished; and will probably endure for ages to come if it is able to resist the pernicious influence of the adjoining houses, many of which are of the period of Henry III., and much admired for their Gothic fronts. At the back of these houses, the piers supporting the aqueduct have been undermined to form cellars and store-rooms, and in other places the water has been conducted over the side by small canals to the gardens and fields on either

hand, at the risk of seriously injuring the foundations by the continued dripping and moisture of the water. But in Spain such trifles are never considered worthy of a thought.

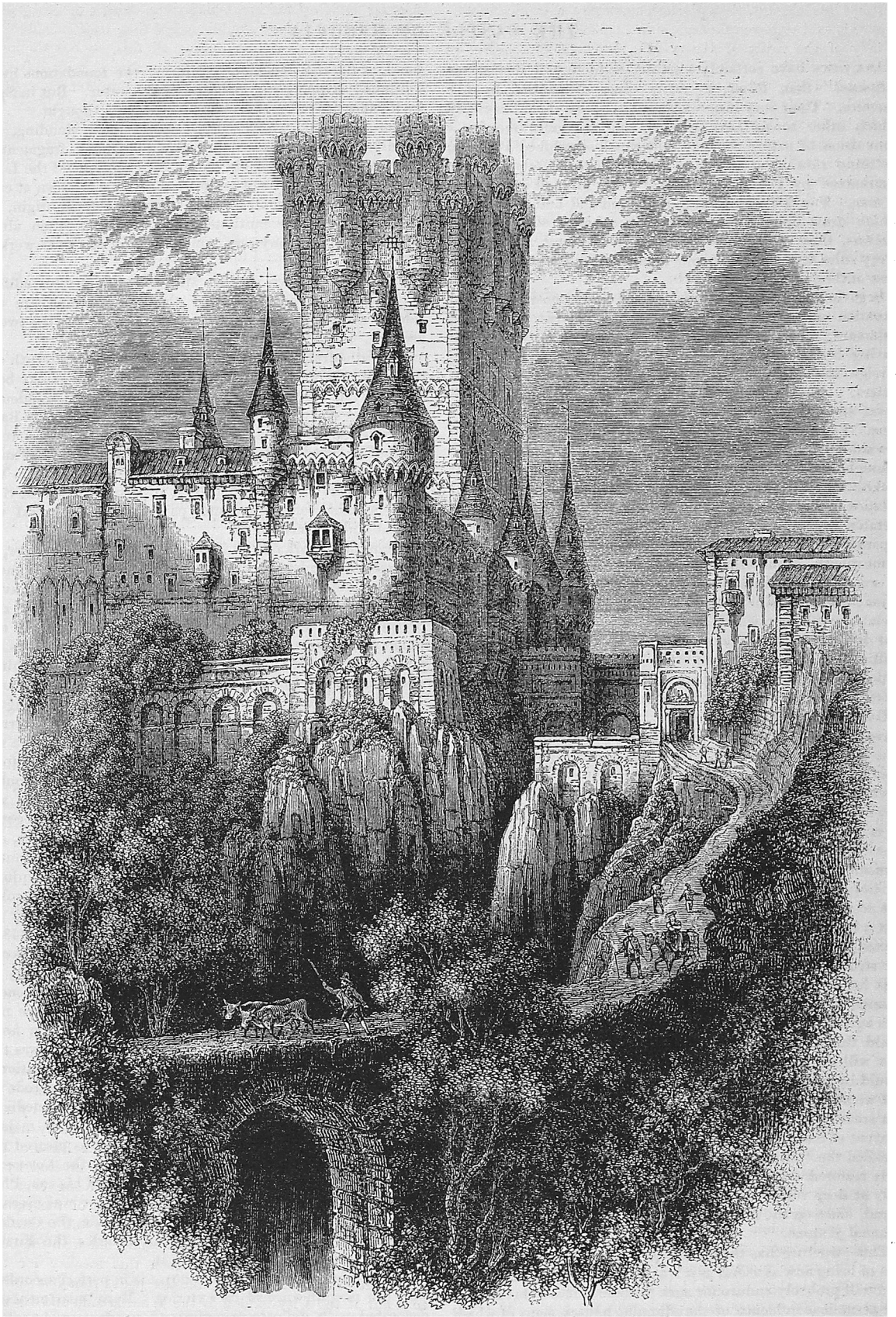
The streets of Segovia, the convents still standing, and buildings of every description, are filled with fragments of antique sculpture, probably dating from the time of the Lower Empire. The remains of sculptured animals are seen at every step, as is the case in all Spanish towns of Roman origin, but, unfortunately, their mutilated state makes it often almost impossible to form any just opinion of their merits as works of art.

It is stated that remains are still extant of Gothic edifices, but it is questionable whether the ruins, which are considered as such, are of any greater antiquity than the twelfth century.

The cathedral, commenced at the end of the fifteenth century, but only finished at a later epoch, contains many beauties of detail without being remarkable for any grandeur or correctness of style. The stalls in the choir, carved by Bartolomeo Fernandez, a native of Segovia; several altar-screens, ascribed to Diego de Urbain; and some paintings by Pantoja de la Cruz, are worthy of attention. The church of La Vera Cruz, consecrated in 1204, and that of Santo-Christo de Santiago, contain some exquisite paintings, and several very ancient and curious tombs.

The most remarkable building of Segovia is, however, the Alcazar, rising picturesquely from the summit of an immense rock near the aqueduct, and looking down into a deep ravine, at the bottom of which flows the narrow and winding river Eresma. This formidable castle, which is flanked at each corner by an embattled turret, dates from various times. It was first founded by Alphonse the Wise, who lived within its walls, and to whom by far the greater part is attributed, though it underwent many changes during the turbulent reign of Juan II. Later still it passed through the hands of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, who, though undoubtedly a man of great genius, still had, like Michael Angelo, a profound disdain for the works of his predecessors, and never troubled himself to preserve the original idea of any buildings with whose restoration he was entrusted. This unfortunate egotism shows itself particularly in the court-yard, the balconies, and, above all, in the grand staircase; but, fortunately, the beautiful spiral staircase which leads to the donjon remained uninjured, and under the first few steps was discovered a heap of broken, but very curious, arms of great antiquity. The Alcazar was put into splendid repair between the years 1452 and 1458, by Henrique the Fourth, who lived in it and kept his treasures there. At his death, André de Cabrera, the governor, and who had proved himself, at a very early period, a friend to Isabella, possessed the fortress, and was in consequence most influential in contributing to her accession. The latter issued from it in state on the 1st of December, 1474, and was then proclaimed Queen of Castille. In 1476, the population of Segovia rose up against Cabrera, when the queen rode out dauntlessly into the midst of the insurgents, and immediately reduced them, by her presence of mind and her majestic bearing, to silence and submission. Charles was pleased with the resistance made by the Alcazar against the *Comuneros*, in 1520, kept it up in a befitting manner, and his son, Philip II. had the saloons redecorated. The Alcazar was given up to the crown, in 1764, by the hereditary Alcaide, the Conde de Chinchon, whose ancestor had given Charles the First of England so hospitable a welcome in it.

The interior of the Castle of Segovia is in perfect accordance with the magnificence of its exterior. Many apartments are decorated with delicate traceries and pendant ornaments, in the style of the Alhambra, and, like those of the Alcazar of Seville, were executed by Arabian workmen during the Christian dominion of the fourteenth century, for in many places the crowns of the kings of Castille may be seen, surrounded by Latin mottoes and extracts from the Koran. The most



THE CASTLE OF SEGOVIA.

remarkable apartments are the chamber of Alphonso XI. and the portrait gallery, so called from a series of figures carved in wood and painted, representing the kings and heroes of

Castile and Leon, from the time of the Goths to Juanna the Mad. These figures are fifty-two in number. In the first story a small room is shown, perhaps less richly decorated,

but not less elegant, than the others, where a tragic circumstance is said to have taken place in 1326. As the story goes, a lady of the court of Henry III., having approached the balcony with the infant Don Pedro in her arms, accidentally let him fall, and he was dashed to pieces, many hundred feet below, on the rocks of the river Eresma. According to some historians, the unfortunate lady precipitated herself from the same window; others state that Henry III. ordered her to be executed. However this may have been, a monument in the chapel records the unfortunate accident, and represents the child holding a naked sword in his hand—certainly a singular kind of plaything for an infant, if it does not refer to the fate of the unhappy cause of his death. The chapel also contains an "Adoration," executed in a masterly style by Bartolomeo Carducho.

It is only a few years since that the Castle of Segovia has been used as a military school. After having served for a long time as a royal residence, it became, under the house of Austria, a state prison, and was used for that purpose up to the convention of Bergara. The side which overlooks the town is pierced with narrow-grated loopholes, which give but little light and air, and no view but that of a small portion of the sky. In the donjon several built-up cells are shown, and the dark mouths of many dungeons, which have never been fully explored.

Although this was a prison, it occasionally happened that those who were so unfortunate as to be placed within its walls were treated more as princes than prisoners; as in the case of the Duke de Ripperda, the descendant of a Dutch family, but a naturalised Spaniard, and the prime minister of Philip V., who having by his intrigues fallen into disgrace with his royal master, had the most sumptuous apartments of the

Alcazar assigned to him as his prison, with a monthly allowance of three hundred doubloons, at that time considered an enormous sum. Notwithstanding all this, such is the love of liberty in the human heart, that, dissatisfied with this undeserved generosity towards him, the wily minister succeeded in effecting his escape from one of the balconies of the Alcazar with the aid of a young woman of Segovia, and his French servant, and after turning Catholic, then Protestant, and afterwards again Catholic, he embraced the Mohammedan creed, and became a pasha and generalissimo of the Emperor of Morocco's troops. He found it impossible, however, unscrupulous and skilled in every wile and artifice as he was, to preserve his dignities and good fortune to the end, for at Tangiers a miserable hovel is shown, where he is said to have died in almost positive want, at a great age, having devoted his last years to the cultivation of plants and flowers.

On the 7th of June, —, General Frere entered Segovia, and, though he met with no resistance whatever, ordered it to be sacked. Its prosperity was then entirely dependent on its wool, but the flocks were soon consumed by a ravenous French soldiery; and at present it only possesses a few poor cloth manufactories in the suburb of San Lorenzo. An attempt was made, in 1829, to introduce some improved machinery, but it was destroyed by the hand-loom weavers. The manufactures of Segovia are used by the poor only, for the rich import their stuffs of good quality from abroad. And yet this is a city of that Spain which boasts of possessing the order of the Golden Fleece! She seems, however, to forget that this order was instituted by the Duke of Burgundy, as a mark of his preference for his substantial, manufacturing, intelligent towns, over a feudal nobility that represented naught but ignorance, pride, poverty, and idleness.

## A DAY AT THE CITY SAW MILLS,

REGENT'S-CANAL BASIN, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

A VISITOR in London, if he would become perfectly, or even cursorily, acquainted with the sources of the city's greatness, must have better guides than printed books, be they ever so well written, and better introductions than purses, be they ever so well filled: A week in London, properly spent, will give a man a better idea of its vastness, its riches, and its mighty power as the centre of a great manufacturing kingdom, than a whole year devoted to sight-seeing, in the ordinary sense of the term. It is true that a pedestrian in the metropolis of Great Britain will find, on his first arrival, enough to do to look about him in the apparently interminable streets. If he seeks amusement, there are almost numberless places where it may be found—the theatres, the picture galleries, the museums, the parks, the bazaars, the markets, the concert-rooms, the exhibitions, and the great river which divides the town. But if he wishes to blend instruction with his pleasures, if he would carry away with him something more than a mere sight-seer's memory, he must go deeper into the mysteries of the court and city; he must go a foot into out-of-the-way places and unfashionable neighbourhoods; he must make acquaintance with those whose good word is better than money, and seek knowledge in dusky by-ways. Embued with such a spirit, and accompanied by such friends as have both influence and spare time, the visitor in London—the present writer for instance, by way of making the interest personal,—will find more sights worth seeing, and make more wonderful discoveries, than the most thorough-bred Cockney could have any idea of. Thus, he will see, in the various docks and wharves along the river, how the daily wants of London are supplied from all parts of the world; a visit to the warehouse of a London merchant, or to the sheds of a railway carrier—Pickford's, or Chaplin and Horne's, say,—will show him how the accumulated merchandise is distributed to the sellers; and then, a little knowledge

of the retail business of the shops will teach him, finally, in what way the infinite number of packages he saw swung from the sides of goodly ships on the quays, come into the hands of the great money-spending and much-enduring public. These things, some might say, can be seen to a greater or less extent in almost every city in the world. Not so, however, with other and peculiar sources of wealth. It is only in London that the economy of a *Times* Printing-office can be seen; that the *modus operandi* of a vast brewing establishment like Barclay's can be witnessed; or that the many and curious processes peculiar to various trades and manufactures can be seen to advantage—that is to say, with all the appliances of modern discovery and invention in full and profitable employment.

This last sentence brings us at once to the subject of our present paper, the establishment known in London as the City Saw Mills. On the northern side of London there is a wide and populous thoroughfare called the City-road—which was opened, we believe in 1761, and was projected by a Mr. Dingley, who modestly refused to have it called by his own name. This road, about midway between the Bank of England and the Angel Tavern at Islington, is crossed by the Regent's-canal; and all along both sides of the canal and round the City-road Basin, as the widening of the canal at this spot is called, are various large wharves and manufacturing establishments. Various firms connected with the building and timber trades have chosen this locality for their warehouses and workshops, and the pedestrian has only to turn out of the City-road into the Wharf-road, and he finds himself in a neighbourhood, the characteristics of which differ almost as much from the ordinary City streets, as does a backwood settlement from a village highway. In the place of houses, and shops, and well-dressed people, he is suddenly in the midst of coke, lime, slate, and stucco works, and he sees